prae + ponere:
an unfreezing of salt

stone tsao

for my family

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Lysis

the second break enters the leaving
when never again becomes the continuum
the le a *n*

into the break of two
words become once.

if you swallowed a moth whole
how would the fire feel this time
in the shadow of drying

salt.

II.

a strange splice
murdered in a torrent of rain
creeps

the figure of an ash-crystal.

it rusts a patina of green
splattered wrists in negotiation.

the rain patterns murmuring
shades of violence.

time speeds up again

III.

like flesh the ribbons peel apart
intestines warped like angels' wings.

a sculpture sanded dark blue winds together
tornado-ends of hair.

it's black and oddly illuminated to keep the envelope
intact. each letter a shade

of reaching

IV

a shin is tarped over in sand,
it groans the size of an ant
inching through dirt

a tunnel that unlodges
limestone and traces
a tremble,

as if glue was never what was enough
until today you remembered

the way heat can melt even snow.

V.

the day breathes in its own aroma
soft titillation of an ingrown toenail.

it curves a new rhythm
fracturing the heart that once thought

itself to be,

Implant

cinnabar plants itself a soft
derailing.

the amber shade cut nightly by this swiver
of palm.

—they say it was a cutaneous bruising
of what the word could never have told.

each intrusion here a folded dribble of resonance
recircuiting the sway of grass in the plane of, "i love

you.

I.

the carnivorous hoarfrost glances
  an underbitten grasp
    like how

a moment is captured in the seeming
  exhale of how you looked
     the camera above the highway snapping

that picture, your leg
  brushing by the ashen figurations of a revolving
    door whispering you

another frame hung atop the seconds of your body
  as it shares a whisper in the muddy terrain of dreams
    etched as a birthmark against bars

II.

drains you a saltshaker

caught in glass

that left a couple words

strained with resinous dew

of quieter silk

the disintegration of frozen smiles

a sap

flickering in this landscape

calling

home

III.

time-etch in stone
ethersss -thereal veins,
blush a haunted melody.

tune-forks a sting blazing horizon-entrails,
a gold traipsing alongside the razor's edge.

the bloodred haze of a lunge
careens into the envelope
licked under breathing

lip-shadow.

IV.

a mercurial thread bleaching salt
catches mid-wind.

in the crevice-pocket of your name
a wasp is wrapped in the bloomsocket

of glass.

V.

the pulsation of wires stream
a speck lost in the mid-churn of

something

like love,

a ghost story

melting in the brittle suspension,

Organum

the camera as it pivots a strange pirouette the glance
of which that time an

alchemical ago in no,

the hue of which dares
you now,

to turn away.

I.

a strange meteorite tethered
rope made of charms a whistling
as it shivers soft churning
in midfold
                of hair

II.

the terrain blossoms a pool of vinegar, glistening
a strange yellow, the kind
that touches an egret of sorrow, mossy
in its avalanche, an arabesque bathed golden

III.

a red sea swivers the tongueclasp, a never
–ending terrain murmuring

and although it was but a day
the slithering ambush did not

stay. there

is always a doubling in the u
–turn of talons

prepared to swing a soft
left

IV.

bombs in the intonation of tombs
tongues you
        the way snow

unfreezes water.

in the dewy underbrush,
  desire

V.

trembling in autoimmunity
a cooked desire un-
washed by the hollow of your ear

tunnels around

a crecipice reminiscent in canals
drained of bulbmarked

flesh,

Snowpart

voluptuously breathing in green
vines draping

  a closed temptation.

finitude is covered over
by parenthesis weaving snow

–particles washed against rain,

a negligence almost smudges
against you, swollen

  & licking, winter's nail.

I.

a teardrop speaks for her,
a token etched

in limestone, a broken mobile the dimensions
you cried for, the last

of which delivered to your mailbox,
marked in the red of a scream, the one that began

the avalanche that screeched to a halt
the tumultuous hue

of an evergreen, of which
you begin

II.

the wasp wraps its sticky
semen against the inner lip

of your thigh. a bruise
the stain of burning

laid fallen unto
the exposure.

a fragrant lily cut at the throat
the blood oozing

a haunted
forgiven.

III.

in the snail's shell,
a slow haze

candle-lit at night,
filters of a life

taking its first breath now

and smiling in heat
of herselves.

IV.

a stranger in red pierced
like a dagger glows

quickening your pulse,
a diagram shaped like teeth

falls quiet, discerns–

a tough bit of undigested snow

V.

memories laced in the wombmesh
of yesterdays' tomorrow.
a lark digs its wound on the asphalt

of time.

the nonash of a blistered rose
, a hurried goodbye
speaks

to the thin wandering

—what your name was given to
in the sound
of little

did you know

that the veins weren't crushed there
in that current
of merely

sleeping,

Mouth

at some other place
we are fucking.

i am fucking you
as you push against me.

we kiss and the entire
forest trembles. you

let out a yell
and i push myself further

against myself.
it is like an entire body

made in the softness of petals
cutting into themselves

hands
fingering the separation of space.

mouths start forming along my upper arm
like canyons made of salt marshes.

the entrance is barred
i do not see you.

in another world, we are
together.